THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"For while all things were in quiet silence, and that night was in the midst of her swift course, then suddenly imaginations of horrible dreams troubled them sore, and terrors came upon them unlooked for."

I have read many papers, in which Criticism was exalted to an allegorical personage, but do not remember that it was described as a tedious or talkative being. Criticism is called either sober, or angry, or stupid, or any thing rather than long-winded. As I am myself garrulous and old, the criticism I indulge, is, like advanced Age, loquacious and stale. Twice I have already found fault with romances. I now, for the third time, assume my critical spectacles, which may assist to detect some motes, even in the brilliant page of Mrs. Radcliffe.

Nothing has been more laboured, by the philosophic dictators of education, than plans to pluck out every fibre of superstition from the human heart. Persius, in one of the strongest phrases I ever found in the Roman language, advises to wrench the hag from her hold on our souls. Rousseau and Locke prescribe a variety of recipes to cure the tattle of credulous nurses, and to prevent the gliding of ghosts through the nursery door. We have been accustomed, ever since the Reformation, to laugh at legendary tales, and the monkish whimsies of a ruder age. The greatest care has been employed to banish vain terrors from the mind of children and youth. But we are relapsing into our old disorder. We shall soon become as weak and timorous as those, who heard the curfew of an intolerant conqueror, or saw the burning tongs of St. Dunstan. If our romances obtain a general currency, we may soon found abbeys and monasteries, running over with friars, 'white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery." Raw head and bloody bones will become a fashionable fellow, and damsels and swains, even in broad day light, will see some strange figure or other, 'stealing slowly away into the distant obscure.'

I know it will be said that Mrs. Radcliffe resolves all preternatural appearances into familiar causes, and that her spectres commonly turn out to be stout, well fed fellows, six feet high, perfectly alive, and as harmless as chickens. Her defence cannot be rested on this point. The delusion is preserved through pages and volumes: the explanation is comprised in a sentence or a line. The fancy is effectually appalled by an artful, ingenious, circumstantial, picturesque story; Reason is appealed to coldly, and in brief. In the first volume of 'the Mysteries of Udolpho,' Emily lifts a curtain, and is supposed to behold a horrible and preternatural object. The mind of every reader is strangely interested. He feels the 'gelid fear' of the poet creeping over every limb. At the end of the third volume he is told, in a summary way, that the mysterious picture is nothing but 'a man of wax'—This is unavailing—When you have rashly given the reins to that 'airy horse,' Imagination, you cannot stop him with a flimsy thread.

I believe that the constant perusal of tragical novels has a most pernicious effect. A greater blessing can scarcely be prayed for than a well regulated imagination, and, as we are justly told by a fine writer, 'Babylon in ruins is not a more mournful spectacle, than a disordered fancy.' Let any unprejudiced man remark the operations of romancing narratives upon his mind; let him watch them at a gloomy or midnight hour, and he will be convinced that they give birth to tremor, to error, to sorrow, vain hopes, puerile fears, and the whole family of mental delusion. I recollect that when, for the first time, I perused the Romance of the Forest, I lived in a sort of hermitage, in a very lone house, in the vicinity of a wood. I think it was near the middle of autumn, when I began to devote the decline of day, and some of my evening hours, to what I supposed would prove pleasant reading. Although I was, in some measure, prepared for stories of this class, having read, in early life, many old romances, and Miss Aiken's fragment of Sir Bertrand, and having, by a careful education, been put on my guard against vulgar credulity, yet, I confess, I was not a little disturbed by the wiles of the enchantress, Radcliffe. Her narratives, aided by the solitariness of my situation, the rustle of autumnal leaves, and the hollow gust against my window, created a dangerous pensiveness, and destroyed half the tone of mind. As my lamp grew dim, several of my books, which lay carelessly round, assumed a mysterious, or spectral appearance. My map of the world resembled tattered tapestry. It seemed that John Locke had the 'ashy paleness' of a ghost, and that Gibbon and judge Blackstone looked like the devil.

POLITICS.

[The following essay, addressed to the Editor of the Charleston Courier, will be perused with much interest by many citizens of Pennsylvania, who have long witnessed the indiscriminate and frequent exercise of the *power of pardon*, as exclusively vested in the executive, by the constitution of the state, with at least a doubtful, if not a distrustful eye. The amelioration of the penal code, and the almost entire abolition of capital punishments, however doubtful in point of policy, are alterations in jurisprudence, congenial with the best feelings of the heart. The experiment of a commutation of hard labour and solitary confinement in lieu of corporal punishments, was worth a trial, and for a series of years, in the state of Pennsylvania, has its operation been viewed. In the opinion of some, its good effects have been numerous; and among the most important is ranked the decrease of those offences against society, which under the former code were capitally punished; while others are to be found, who are ready to ascribe this paucity of atrocious crimes more to the circumstances of the country and the facility of obtaining the comforts of life, by labour, than to the amelioration of the penal laws.

It was the opinion of a very distinguished writer upon criminal law, that *certainty*, rather than *severity* of punishments, is the surest preventive against a multiplicity of crimes.

The knowledge that the power of pardon is vested in the Governor, is sufficient to induce every convict to *hope*, that he shall be the object of executive clemency, and scarcely any of those, who have received sentence of imprisonment for a long term, are impressed with a belief, that they shall serve out the full extent of their sentence.

This pernicious sentiment, has grown out of the frequent exercise by the executive of the power of pardon. For the motives of his Excellency, in pursuing this system of conduct, it might be thought invidious to be too inquisitive; but should charity ascribe them to the most laudable impulse, the maturer judgment of some might lead them to express the wish, that the sober and discreet sentiment of *Lord Hale*, was more forcibly impressed upon the mind of our Governor.

"Let me remember (says Hale) when I find myself inclined to pity a criminal, that there is likewise a pity due to the country."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

SIR,

According to the celebrated philosophical jurist, Beccaria, pardons should be excluded in a perfect legislation. In his opinion, the certainty of even a mild punishment, would be more likely to prevent crimes than the most severe inflictions, attended with the hope of impunity, which the right of pardon authorizes a criminal to entertain. But this doctrine, however specious in theory, is unsupported by the practice of any wise and enlightened legislature. Without the right of pardoning, or at least of mitigating punishment, the most perfect code of laws that we are acquainted with, would prove rigid and tyrannical. Guilt, the only legitimate object of punishment, belongs not to actions, but intentions, and in these there is such an infinite variety, that no possible number of written laws could view them all in their diversified relations to the conduct of human beings.

To provide against this unavoidable defect of law, the power of pardon is granted. It is not always, however, unlimited or unrestricted. In England, the right of the crown to pardon in cases of murder, was very early confined by statutes; and a further restriction is imposed by the uniform practice, now grown into an invariable rule, of granting such pardon only with the approbation of the Cabinet Council. The high rank which the members of this council generally hold in Parliament, in authority and in public opinion, will naturally oblige the Chief Magistrate to respect their advice; and in fact there is no instance of his deviating from it, in the dispensation of mercy towards atrocious criminals. Your readers may remember that even Buonaparte, when in the plenitude of his insolence, having assumed, along with many other political faculties, the power of nominating his successor, and also the power of pardon, did himself restrict the exercise of this most important branch of his usurped authority. His new constitution declares, that the right of pardoning can only be exercised by him in a Council, consisting of the Grand Judge, and several other high officers of his court.

In monarchies the power of pardon may be more safely entrusted to the chief magistrate, than in states where every office is temporary and elective. In the former there can rarely occur so many temptations to misuse that authority as in the latter. He who depends, for his continuance in office on the will of the people, may be induced to court popularity at the

expence of justice. This failing is indeed so natural to human weakness, that it should always be expected and provided against in republican governments. Let not your fellow citizens treat this subject as a party business. It is of the highest importance to the community. They enjoy the advantage of a constitution, which, like that of their ancestors, contains within itself the means of improvement, and if experience has shewn them that the power of pardon has been prodigally, or even injudiciously exerted, they should provide a remedy against the repetition of the abuse. As long as men's motives may be misrepresented or misconstrued; as long as witnesses, judges or juries, may be corrupted, prejudiced or mistaken, the power of pardon should be vested somewhere. To give it to a single man, unrestricted by the controul or even the advice of any constitutional authority, is certainly dangerous. The utmost power of this kind that the Governor should possess, in cases of high crimes against society, would perhaps be the power of delaying the execution of the punishment until the judgment of one or both branches of the legislature could be taken. With them, and with them only, the right of absolute pardon, in all such cases, should reside.

It is well known that Italy, Spain, Portugal, and some other Roman Catholic countries, have been infamous for the number of murders and assassinations committed in them The chief cause of the perpetration of so many crimes, was the prospect of impunity held out by the sanctuary of the church, where every criminal might find a protecting asylum. It was not that the irascible passions of the Spaniards or Italians were more ungovernable than those of other men. The most violent and angry drunkards and drivelers, nay, madmen themselves have generally reflection enough to teach them to abstain from actions, which inevitably lead to severe punishment. And in those parts of Italy, especially in the Duke of Tuscany's dominions, where the right of sanctuary was abolished, it is worthy of remark that the number of murders was immediately diminished. The same effects will be produced in other countries from the same causes; and we may be assured that the crime of murder will be less frequent in these states, when the murderer's hope of pardon shall be weakened by such restricting regulations, as the wisdom of the legislature may see fit to enact.

LYCURGUS.

MISCELLANY.

[The following interesting particulars are from Mr. Hayley's new Life of COWPER]

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

That admirable, and highly popular piece of pleasantry, was composed in the year 1783. An elegant and judicious writer, who has recently favoured the public with three interesting volumes relating to the early poets of our country, conjectures, that a poem, written by the celebrated Sir Thomas More, in his youth, (the merry jest of the Serjeant and Frere) may have suggested to Cowper his tale of John Gilpin; but that fascinating ballad had a different origin; and it is a very remarkable fact, that full of gaiety and humour, as this favourite of the public has abundantly proved itself to be, it was really composed at a time, when the spirit of the poet, as he informed me himself, was very deeply tinged with his depressive malady. It happened one afternoon, in those years when his accomplished friend Lady Austen, made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increasing dejection; it was her custom on these occasions, to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment; he informed her the next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night: and that he had turned it into a ballad.—So arose the pleasant poem of John Gilpin. It was eagerly copied, and finding its way rapidly to the newspapers, it was seized by the lively spirit of Henderson, the comedian, a native of Newport-Pagnell, and a man, like the Yorick described by Shakespeare "of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy," it was seized by Henderson as a proper subject for the display of his own comic powers, and by reciting it in his public readings, he gave uncommon celebrity to the ballad, before the public suspected to what poet they were indebted for the sudden burst of ludicrous amusement. Many readers were astonished, when the poem made its first authentic appearance in the second volumes of Cowper. In some letters of the poet to Mr. Hill, which did not reach me till my work was nearly finished, I find an account of John Gilpin's first introduction to the world, and a circumstance, relating to the first volume of Cowper's Poems, which may render the following selection from this correspondence particularly interesting.

LETTER TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

February 15—20, 1783.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In writing to you, I never want a subject. Self is always at hand, and Self, with its concerns, is always interesting to a friend.

You may think perhaps, that commenced poet by profession, I am always writing verses. Not so—I have written nothing, at least finished nothing, since I published—except a certain facetious history of John Gilpin, which Mr. Unwin would send to the Public Advertiser, perhaps you might read it, without suspecting the author.

My book procures me favor, which my modesty will not permit me to specify, except one, which, modest as I am, I cannot suppress,—a very handsome letter from Dr. Franklin at Passy —These fruits it has brought me.

I have been refreshing myself with a walk in the garden, where I find that January (who according to Chaucer was the husband of May) being dead, February has married the widow.

Yours, &c. W. C.

LETTER TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

Olney, February 20, 1783.

Suspecting that I should not have hinted at Dr. Franklin's encomium under any other influence than that of vanity, I was several times on the point of burning my letter for that very reason. But not having time to write another by the same post, and believing that you would have the grace to pardon a little self complacency in an author, on so trying an occasion, I let it pass. One sin naturally leads to another, and a greater, and thus it happens now; for I have no way of gratifying your curiosity, but by transcribing the letter in question. It is addressed by the way, not to me, but to an acquaintance of mine, who had transmitted the volume to him without my knowledge.

Passy, May 8, 1782.

"SIR,

I received the letter you did me the honor of writing to me, and am much obliged by your kind present of a book. The relish for reading of poetry had long since left me; but there is something so new in the manner, so easy, and yet so correct in the language, so clear in the expression, yet concise, and so just in the sentiments, that I have read the whole with great pleasure, and some of the pieces, more than once. I beg you to accept my thankful acknowledgments, and to present my respects to the author.

Your most obedient humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF FLORIAN.

(*Concluded.*)

At the early age of thirty-three, he was admitted a member of the French Academy. This distinction, which like the admission to most literary societies, was sometimes the reward of merit, and often the prize of influence and credit, was by him amply deserved; and instead of relaxing his industry, stimulated his ambition to higher efforts. Besides the general history of Spain, which has been mentioned above, he now formed the project of writing a series of lives, from modern times, in imitation of Plutarch, and with similar parallels.

He had a regard and respect for the Jewish nation and history, widely differing from the prejudices of modern Europeans. He wrote a tale or novel entitled Eleazar and Naphthali, in four books, a proper companion for his Galatea; but it has never been published, and was not found among his papers.

His last work was a translation of Don Quixote, which he undertook by way of making amends to Cervantes for his youthful aversion. This was not published till after his death.

While he was thus employing his time with so much satisfaction to himself, and so much benefit to the public, the hurricane of the French revolution came on. To seek a shelter from it, where he might pursue without interruption his studies, he retired to Seaux, where he resided in tranquillity, until the time of Robespierre's domination. At this time, a decree of the National Convention enjoined upon all persons who had been of noble families, to reside at more than ten leagues distance from Paris. This would have compelled Florian to leave Seaux, and in order to obtain an exemption from the regulation, he made an application to the committee of public safety, to put him in requisition. This step excited the jealousy of those execrable tyrants, to whom noble birth and literary talents, were alike inexpiable crimes; and Florian was soon after arrested and thrown into prison; where he remained until after the death of Robespierre. Previous to that event he had written to a member of the Convention, a letter, so remarkable for displaying the character of the times, of the writer, and of the wretches who then oppressed France, that a translation of it will not be unacceptable.

"Citizen Representative,

* "*Thou* cherishest and cultivatest literature, but thou cherishest still more thy country and liberty and thou requirest that the arts, whose friend thou hast been from thy infancy, should be useful to the cause of the people, for whom thou wouldst gladly die; hence arises my only title to write thee this letter.

"Having long had it in contemplation to compile anew, an Antient History, for the use of the national schools, I informed the committee of public safety, by a memorial, of my intention. I took pains to attract their notice on me, at a

* It will be remembered, that among the ridiculous fashions of the revolutionary era, was that of *thouing* every person addressed, by speech, or in writing.

time, when a timid man, a man conscious of the smallest offence, would have sought anxiously to put himself out of sight. Unconcerned with respect to this step, I was industriously occupied in my solitude, and had already finished several essays, upon Egypt, when by an order from the committee of public safety, I was on a sudden arrested, and confined in the prison of Port-Libre; there I have now been detained twenty-two days, without reckoning the long nights, differing from the days only by the want of light, without books, almost without paper, in a crowd of six hundred persons, and imploring in vain, the aid of an imagination which I once possessed; but in whose stead I now find nothing but sorrow and dejection. Still I have been not altogether idle. I have imagined the plan of a work which I believe will be useful to the public morals.† In my prison, I have sung the hero of liberty. I send the first book, inclosed, and ask thy opinion of it. If thou art not persuaded that it may strengthen in the minds of our young countrymen, the love of the republic, and reverence for simplicity of manners make me no answer; let me die here, of which my declining health gives me some hopes. But if, apart from all regard for me, thy civism and taste, convince thee that my work ought to be finished; mention it to thy colleagues, members of the committee of public safety, and say to them, "of what can that man be guilty, who narrowly escaped the Bastile, for the first verses he ever made in the serf of Mount Jura; who wrote before the revolution, the eleventh book of Numa, and who, since the revolution, though free, without parents, with no other fortune than his talents, which he might have carried with him every where, never for a moment left his country, commanded during three years a corps of national guards; has published several books, and in his collection of fables, has introduced that of the Ades and the shepherd? Can a fabulist, a shepherd, the minstrel of Galatea and Estelle, can he possibly be guilty of crimes? Can he so much as conceive them? The lyre of Phædrus, the pipe of Gesner, feeble, and defended as they are, by the clang of martial trumpets, can they ever injure or offend those, who would establish liberty on the basis of morality? The linnet on the marshes of Lerna, which sung while Hercules fought the hydra, was far from rousing the anger of the heroic deliverer—Nay, perhaps after the victory, did he listen to her notes with condescension.

"In these few words I comprize, and to them shall confine my defence. If I am believed guilty; let me be tried—But if I am innocent, let me be restored to liberty. To my labours, to my poor labouring printers, to whom my productions have furnished their subsistence these fifteen years; and whom my imprisonment stops short in the pursuit of a very extensive undertaking; let me be restored to a life of innocence, and to the desire of still being useful to my country."

Thus it was, says Mr. Jauffret, that the voice, the mild and gentle voice of Florian, endeavoured to reach the ears of the tyrants who then held France in subjection—It was not heard! how could it?—at a period when the Genius of crimes, with the scythe of Death in his hand, ruled the state; when the shrieks of the infant, the tears of the virgin, and the sighs of the hoary head, no longer inspired compassion; when the scaffold threatened every head, and the person held in highest honour, was the public executioner.

To those who are curious of discovering the characters of men, in their conduct and sentiments, upon critical occasions, it may be amusing and instructive to compare this letter of Florian, and the temper of soul it bespeaks, with the writings and measures of another man, of "established fame in the literary world,"—under similar circumstances.—Thomas Paine was imprisoned about the same time with Florian; by the same authority, and in some respects, probably from the same motives.—The pretext in the case of Florian, was his *noble birth*—In that of Paine, his *birth in England*. The real cause in both, was doubtless that rancorous and implacable malignity, which Robespierre, at the zenith of his power, felt against every man, possessing a particle of that popularity, which was his God, and of which he was then the idol. But Pain, in his writings, had contributed more than his share, to rouse and inflame that public odium against nobility, under which Florian was persecuted; and Florian in his, by a beautiful and generous panegyric upon the English, had laboured to mitigate and dispel those angry prejudices, of which Paine was now the victim.—While in confinement, both naturally recurred to those talents, which had been the instruments of their former success. They hoped to obtain their liberation, by employing their pens in such writings, as they supposed would propitiate the mind of him, in whose hands were the keys of every prison, and the bars of every dungeon. The suggestions of their hearts, are apparent in the result.—Florian in his prison, sung the Hero of Liberty—and Paine, in his folly, wrote the Age of Reason.—If, however, the value of a thing, be dependant alone upon its tending to produce the effect for which it is desined, the expedient of Paine, must be allowed to have proceeded from a judgment more profound than that of Florian. Blasphemy was a more powerful agent with Robespierre, than songs of sentiment—He was at that time endeavouring to make deism, the established religion of France; and was alike sanguinary in persecuting atheism on the one hand, and christianity on the other. This very system is that which Paine advocates, and endeavours to propagate in his Age of Reason; and if reference be had only to the immediate object he had in view, the topic was well chosen. Florian consulted his own heart, and concluding that public professions were the sure indication of real feelings, imagined that William Tell and liberty, would be eloquent orators in his behalf, at the tribunal of the sovereign committee. The process of Paine was the same, but his inference was different.—He had too faithful a clue to the soul of Robespierre, to suppose that William Tell and liberty, had any influence there. But an invective against christianity; a lampoon upon the Bible, might touch the strings of sympathy in the tyrant's breast, and the Age of Reason was the intercessor for Paine.

In addition to the resources which both these writers thus derived from the stores of their own genius, they both sought the further aid of external influence.—Florian applied to a literary friend, a member of the National Convention; and his topics of persuasion were innocence, liberty, literature, science, and morality.—Paine claimed the interference of the American government, and his arguments were—sophistry, falsehood, ignorance and injustice. After accepting formally, not only the rights and title of a French citizen, but a seat as a representative of the French people, in the National Convention, he pretended to an exemption from the regulations of that very authority of which he formed a part; because forsooth he was a citizen of the United States.

The endeavours of both prisoners were however, inadequate to obtain their release from that unrelenting butcher Robespierre. While he lived, the only passport from the prison, was the guillotine. So far was he from being accessible to the soothing voice of poetry, or the generous strains of freedom, that not even the prostituted blandishments of personal adulation,* not even the sacriligeous lullabies of congenial deism, could assuage the rigour of his bloodthirsty soul.

Soon after the fall of this human tyger, both Paine and Florian were set at liberty—A blessing of which Paine availed himself, to continue his useful labours of infidelity and calumny—to publish a second part of the Age of Reason—more outrageous with impiety, than the first, and to insult and revile his benefactor Washington, with a virulence, which death itself could not neutralize; and against which the sanctuary of the grave has been no protection. Had the life of Florian been spared, his literary employments would have exhibited as complete a contrast with those in the cause of liberty, as we have seen in his endeavours to obtain its enjoyment—But he had reached the bounds of his mortal destiny. On his discharge from prison, he immediately left Paris, and retired to Seaux. But whether the sentiment of the injustice he had suffered, had left an impression upon him, too powerful to be removed, or whether from the mean and scanty nourishment, allowed him in prison, he had contracted the seeds of a mortal distemper, he shortly after took to his bed, and expired under the age of forty. From his habitual moderation and sobriety, he might reasonably have expected a longer career. He was short of stature; but of a strong and vigorous bodily frame.—Without being handsome, the cheerfulness and gaiety of his countenance, enlivened by large, intelligent black eyes, gave it an air of animation peculiarly pleasing.

At any other time, the death of such a man as the author of Galatea, of Estelle, of Numa, and of Gonzalvo, would have been a momentous event; every literary society would have resounded with his eulogium, and their affliction; every muse would have followed him with elegiac tears to the tomb. But when Florian died, every mind was absorbed in political interests, and every heart was still harrowed with sorrows of its own. The death of Florian, was barely noticed in some of the newspapers of the day; and with them, after the interval of a night, was forgotten.

The private life of Florian, like that of most literary men, was not marked with many interesting events. He had however written an account of it himself, which by the charms of his style, and the talent he had of adorning the most trivial details, would doubtless have been read with delight, but which he never communicated, but to one person; and he probably destroyed it imself.

There are many eminent instances of writers, who in the common intercourse of society, have discovered a character different, and indeed, opposite to that which appears in their works. The name of Florian may be added to the catalogue, but the difference between his converse and his writings, was of an unusual kind. The distinguishing character of the former, was gaiety, wit and humour:—that of the latter was serious and tender sensibility.—Among strangers he was cold and reserved; but, in the circles of his friends, he was the delight of the company. At the convivial board, his were the flashes of merriment which set the table on a roar; while, in the solitude of his closet, he had all the tenderness of Tibullus, united with all

† An heroic tale, on the story of William Tell—published among the author's posthumous works.

* Paine, in his opinion, upon the trial of Louis, had attempted to deprecate the resentment of Robespierre, by a fulsome compliment upon his "excellent speech" against capital punishments.

the delicacy of Thomson. The modern Yorick had combined in his eccentric productions, the pathetic and the humorous powers; but Florian, though possessed of both, by a singular anomaly of the human mind, was unable to command their operations in the same form:—So remarkable was this intellectual barrier, that one of his friends often advised him, to sport with his wit as much as he pleased in conversation, for he could never fail of success—but never to attempt it upon paper, for he would there be with equal certainty, unfortunate. The candour of his friend is justified, by the whole tenour of his works.

The time which he allotted to the relaxations of company and society, was much shortened, by his encreasing fondness for study and retirement. While residing at Paris, and in the family of a prince of the blood, his principal pleasure was derived from the hours he could devote to his own apartment, adjoining to which he had formed an aviary, and collected a multitude of birds, whose notes cheered and enlivened his labours.

The sentiments of benevolence and philanthropy, which shine so resplendent in all his writings, lost none of their lustre in the practice of his life. The stipend of his office, and the profits from the sale of his works, with the regularity and economy he observed, made him easy in his circumstances, and enabled him to indulge his beneficent charitable disposition. He always set apart a proportion of the monies he received from his bookseller, to relieve the indigent; of which he made his friend, the curate of St. Eustache, the distributor.

At the death of his father, who left scarcely a remnant of estate, and considerable debts, with a truly virtuous, filial piety, he suffered not the memory of the parent to remain burdened with the imputation of insolvency, but reserving for an old servant, one small cottage, as the reward of forty years faithful attendance, he sold what little property was left, and paid all the debts with his own money.

Such was the life and character of Florian:—as delineated indeed by the hand of friendship, but from which, were it possible to read his writings without feeling in his favour the bias of a friend, the sternest impartiality would find little to deduct. Amidst the general corruption of morals and of popular literature, which prevailed in France, Florian remained an example of purity and of delicacy. In the twelve volumes of his works, there is not "one line which dying he might wish to blot"—Not one line, which "angels might not hear, and virgins tell"—Their influence has been and will be extensive; for the greater part of them are upon subjects, which attract a great multitude of readers; by their style they command the interest, and by their character, adapt themselves to the capacity of every understanding. They have been translated into various languages; and in every country in Europe, at this time, contribute at once to the innocent pleasures of childhood, to the virtuous instruction of youth, and to the critical taste and enjoyments of literary maturity.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

COOKERY.

STRATTON v. J. J. ANGERSTEIN, ESQ.

This action was brought to recover the sum of £87. The defendant paid £65. into court, and for so much pleaded a tender. Mr. Garrow said he was glad to hear his lordship speak so respectfully of *steam*. It was not only the means of encreasing our national greatness, but of heightening our individual comforts. His client had discovered a method of making it dress all kinds of meat more expeditiously than water, and communicating to every thing a richer and more delicate flavour. Mr. Angerstein was a lover of good dinners, or at least liked to give them to his friends. He (Mr. G.) did not speak experimentally; his learned opponents had the advantage in this respect, though he himself could boast of having more than once received an invitation to the defendant's hospitable board. He must do Mr. Angerstein another piece of justice, which was to say, that he was firmly convinced he knew nothing of this cause, as he was a man noted ever for liberality and munificence. Mr. Stratton had furnished him with a cooking apparatus, fit for the preparation of the most sumptuous and luxurious entertainment. To keep the dishes warm in the interval between the second and third course a *warm clout* had likewise been provided, where pies, puddings, and partridges, reposed in the exact temperature fitted for their preservation, and from which they might be taken after reposing there for hours, without it being known to the most skilful palate, that they had not two minutes before been taken from the oven, or unspittted. For all this he demanded but £87. This may appear a considerable sum, gentlemen, for a cooking apparatus, said Mr. Garrow, and to be sure to some people it would. I should not like to give so much myself. The miserable pots and pans that supply my frugal table, may be bought cheap enough. But if a man wishes to live in a princely style, he must not expect to live without expence. I have heard my friend Mr. Erskine observe, that if there were to be a cause about a pair of leather breeches, he should expect to see a *surwayor* called. This certainly is an age of improvement, and having lately improved my health, I shall not be surprized if I yet see a man who will not pay his breeches-maker, until he call a *surwayor* to prove that the breeches are not well proportioned, that they do not mathematically suit the dimensions of the defendant, or that upon a nice calculation upon the price of leather, the rate of labour, and the interest of money, they are a shilling overcharged. Gentlemen, a Mr. Harrison, a *surwayor*, is at the bottom of this cause, and I believe will be called as a witness to-day. Mr. Angerstein can be no judge of this apparatus, farther than from its efficacy in making a good dinner. I cannot call him, as he is the defendant, neither shall I call my learned friends, whose testimony would be equally favourable to my client; but I will call the cooks, who will tell you that in their culinary experience, they never saw any thing so admirably constructed, and so complete as this steam kitchen. Gentlemen, I do not speak flippantly, when I say that I have no doubt, from Mr. Angerstein's well known liberality, that when he gives the draft for the debt and costs, he will throw in my client a trifle to defray the extra expences of the suit.

Mr. Baily, of Holborn, Mr. Philips, Mr. Sidebottom, and several other braziers and ironmongers were then called, who decidedly gave it as their opinion, that the apparatus was uncommonly well constructed, and very reasonably charged. The rear of witnesses was brought up by—

Mrs. Sarah Routly, Mr. Angerstein's cook, who fully bore out the lesrned and eloquent counsel in his warm panegyric upon this cooking apparatus. The lady observed that it answered every purpose for which it was intended, and that she had dressed dinners with it for the Lord Mayor and all the Court of Aldermen.

Mr. Erskine said he should detain the jury but a very few minutes. There was a wide field for jocularity; but the merits of the cause lay within the narrowest compass. His learned friend had done ample justice to the liberality of Mr. Angerstein, and he certainly should lay down no principles unfoundedly, to the fair profits of the industrious tradesman. He could not help, however, observing, that people in the plaintiff's situation, had a great advantage over their customers. Gentlemen in general would pay a little more than was right, rather than come into a court of justice; and the cause after all was tried by men in the same rank and of the same profession as the plaintiff. His friend Mr. Garrow, had truly said, that upon such subjects it was practical knowledge alone that could be depended upon. He should prove, notwithstanding what had been said by these ironmongers and braziers in behalf of their brother, that in this instance Mr. Angerstein had been charged more than the value of the goods, and more than the stipulated price. Because he was a wealthy man, that was no reason why he should throw away his money, or suffer himself to be imposed upon. Wishing to have a steam kitchen in his town house, he sent a man to ask Mr. Stratton, what would be the expence? Mr. S. asked for how many it would be necessary that dinner should be dressed? Being told with servants and visitors, the family consited of from fifty to sixty, he replied, "a pound a person." Yet he made a charge of £87. which Mr. Harrison, upon good advice, thought ought not to be allowed.

The conversation about "a pound a person," being proved, a Mr. Peatie, an ironmonger, was called, who ruined the defendant's case, by his absurd and contradictory evidence. A Mr. Tucker followed without effacing the unfavorable impression made by his predecessor. He maintained that £56. was a fair price, but it turned out that he himself had erected a steam kitchen at Mr. Harrison's recommendation in Mr. Angerstein's country-house, and that he was much disappointed in not having got the present job.

Lord Ellenborough here interposed, and Mr. Erskine candidly allowed that he had not by any means made out the case which he had opened.

Mr. Garrow said, it was now evident he was right when he declared that Mr. Angerstein had been misled.

Lord Ellenborough observed to the jury, that if Mr. Angerstein had been setting in this place, he made no doubt that that very respectable gentleman would long ago have stopped the trial, and given the verdict which they were no doubt ready to pronounce.

Verdict for the plaintiff, damages £87.

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Continuation of the History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, from the year 1748, to 1765:—with an introductory sketch of events from its original settlement.—By George Richards Minot, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. VOL. II. Boston, printed for James White and Co. proprietors, by Manning and Loring, June, 1803.

The first volume of this work was published some years ago. Had the life of its excellent author, been protracted a few weeks longer, his plan would have been completed. His intention was to give a continuation of the History of Massachusetts Bay, from the period at which Hutchinson's narrative had terminated, until the commencement of that contest which issued in the divulsion of the North American colonies from the British Empire, and their union in a federative republic. Mr. Minot's intention was to have

closed his history, with the repeal of the stamp act; and he had already entered upon the concluding chapter of his work, when he was very suddenly snatched from his labours, his friends and his country, by death. The friend, to whose care he entrusted his manuscript, has thought himself bound, in duty both to his memory and the public, to publish it, as it was left, without attempting amendment or alterations; and it appears, therefore, under the disadvantage of an unfinished sketch, without the final revision and correction, which the author would doubtless have given it, had he lived to put it himself to the press.

This circumstance, however, is of little mo ment, excepc as relating to the style. The arrangement, and substance of the narrative is complete, to the last chapter; and the volume now published, contains the period of history from 1757 to 1765. The former volume had closed with the moment of the greatest depression of British affairs, in the seven years war. The favourable turn of events, which took place under the administration of the elder Pitt, is noticed in the first chapter of the posthumous publication, with the following introductory reflections.

"The discovery of America, which stimulated genius to so many efforts in the useful arts, and so widely extended the benefits of commerce, increased also a thirst for dominion, and the destructive conse quences of war. The two great rival nations of Europe, after measuring their strength for centuries, by regular contests in their own neighbourhood, where the history of every post was the key to its strength, and detailed the manner of subduing it, were now hazarding the contest on a very different ground, —in a country so little explored, as to make it extremely difficult to operate systematically, and too recently settled to afford a just calculation of its strength. How to preserve what had been acquired, and how to encroach upon a hostile territory, became the favourite science of ambition, and engaged the talents of the ablest ministers in Europe; whilst the scene of action invited military enterprize to display its ingenuity in surmounting the natural obstructions of a wilderness, and in engaging the alliance of the wavering natives. In a struggle conducted at so great a distance, and under such circumstances of uncertainty, it was not to be expected, that a plan of action could be struck out, either permanent in its principles, or decisive in its advantages. The great Commoner of England, now introduced at the head of the ministry, with that masculine force of genius, which exalted his administration, determined to act offensively against the French, and to meet them in Canada. To forward his system, he resolved to support the colonies with an ample force; to banish all jealousy, ari ing from narrow ideas of compensation, and to direct the national strength into the channel, where it most readily inclined to flow and rise to its summit, by the operations of the navy. The effects of his counsels, however, were not to be immediately realized. Another year was destined to crown the arms of France with exultation, flattering indeed for a time, but the presage of her final chagrin and ruin in America."

The principal transactions, related in the first chapter, are the annual meeting of the military council, consisting of the commander in chief, Lord Loudoun, and the governors of several of the provinces, which was held at Boston in 1757, and the military arrangements adopted by them. The death of Lieutenant Governor Phips; the arrival of Governor Pownall—and the controversy between Lord Loudoun, and the General Court, upon the subject of quartering troops; a dispute, in which the overbearing insolence of the commander in chief, and the resolute resistance of the assembly, gave a very distinct foretaste of the temper, which afterwards guided the mother country and the colonies, when the same question in substance brought them to issue against each other. Lord Loudoun, claimed the right of quartering the troops, upon the people, by virtue of an *act of Parliament*, which the assembly contended, had no application to the colonies: The contest, after no small acrimony on the one part, and a very moderate, but determined opposition on the other, was compromised by a spirit of mutual conciliation, perhaps principally dictated by the mutual interest. "After being worsted on the frontiers (says Mr. Minot) and baffled in a projected expedition against Louisbourg, Lord Loudoun would have made a lamentable end of his command, by continuing a controversy with the principal colony in the war, upon a constitutional question, which perhaps could not have been settled with less difficulty, than those of a like nature in preceding times; whilst the province on the other hand, was not unmindful of the necessity which it was under, to conduct on every subject in such a manner as not to forfeit the expected reimbursement from the Parliament."

The second chapter presents a view of the extraordinary exertions, made by the province in support of the war, in the years 1758 and 1759. The efforts and energies of the English nation at that time have been the theme of exultation and glory ever since. Then was the period in reference to which the muse of Cowper has declared it

> Praise enough
> To fill the ambition of a common man,
> That CHATHAM's language was his mother tongue;
> And WOLFE's great name compatriot with his own.

And even then, if we compare the means and resources of the two countries, with their sacrifices to the common cause; the following passage will shew that the province was entitled to her full proportion of the merit, and success.

"On the receipt of Mr. Pitt's letter, the general court of Massachusetts, unanimously voted to augment their men, to 7000, the whole number required, of whom 6925 actually marched into the field, notwithstanding the large proportion of artificers, seamen, and others, which they had already furnished for the service. They also promised each man, in addition to his pay and bounty, £10. upon his return, provided Canada should be reduced. A subscription, which had been opened for encouraging enlistments, was run up to near £20,000. in less than twenty-four hours. The regiments were completed early in the month of May: The transports for carrying the troops to Halifax were manned and prepared for sailing in about fifteen days after they were engaged. In short, near one third of the effective men of the province were in military service in some mode or other; and all this zeal was manifested after the most depressing disappointments, and a burden in taxes, which is said to have been so great in the capital, as to equal two thirds of the income of the real estates."

This effort, the like of which will very rarely be found in the history of nations, was too violent to be repeated; and the next year, when urged to the adoption of equally strenuous measures the general court in their answer, intimated their reliance on the king for relief. The Governor was very careful to remind them of the expence & exertions with which the kingdom of Great Britain was maintaining and protecting *the cause of its colonies*; and after voting at first to raise five thousand men, for the service of the year 1759, they were afterwards induced by his influence, and the representation of General Amherst, to levy 1500 more; which vote they accompanied with a message to the Governor, stating the circumstances of the province, and their utter inability to accomplish any thing more; or even to bear for any long continuance, that burden, of which so unequal a proportion had been imposed on them.

Heavy as this burden had been during these two years, and brilliant as was the success which had resulted from it, the year 1760 came round without bringing a termination of the contest; but commanding a continuance of sacrifices, and exertions, the account of which is given in the third chapter. The other subjects noticed there, are of minor importance; the conflagration of unexampled extent and destruction, which in that year befel the town of Boston. The termination and popularity of Governor Pownall's administration; a controversy on a point of internal administration, between the two branches of the general court—and the reappointment of Mr. Bollan, as the agent of the province in England. The close of this chapter is one of those passages in the volume, which seems to require and to have been intended for the final revision of the author. It breaks off so abruptly, as on a first perusal to have the appearance of an unfinished period.

(*To be continued.*)

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

[We have again an opportunity to commend, with emphasis, the manly diction, and good sense of Mr. WINDHAM. The Editor of the Morning Post, a paper inimical to the party of Mr. W. thus remarks upon his sentiments, respecting that peace, which was nothing more, than a hollow, dangerous, and delusive truce. "If Mr. Windham did not obtain much support from the House, by cheering, as he spoke, neither did Mr. Fox nor Mr. Addington. The House, indeed, was not so animated as it has formerly been on questions of less moment to the country; but, though the general voice was not loud in favour of Mr. Windham, we are persuaded the inward sympathy was decidedly on his side. We venture most confidently to affirm, of the Parliament and of the country, with regard to the debates that the public feeling is with Mr. Windham, and the public reason with Lord Hawkesbury It is a struggle between a sense of two sorts of dangers, the dangers of peace, and the dangers of war. The first are somewhat distant and uncertain; and may be averted by events; the latter are immediate and inevitable. Hence, to risk the former is preferred; but the choice is made with a sigh, and with heavy forebodings]

Mr. Windham now rose,* and, in a speech ingeniously refined in argument, yet impressively familiar and pointed in its illustrations, offered a powerful answer to all that had been advanced in opposition to his known sentiments from either side of the house. We cannot pretend to report his speech in detail, but must, though with reluctance, content ourselves with touching lightly on its leading positions. He observed, in answer to a sarcastic remark from a former speaker, representing him and his friends to give many proofs of their fears, and few of their judgment; that those very fears might be the genuine progeny of judgment, and, therefore, the best proofs of its existence in those, who gave the alarm; that, if the fears were conceived only on the approach, or in the very midst of real danger, not to feel them, were the only proof of want of judgment; that, on the score of fear, therefore, no accusation could be brought against him and his friends, without due discussion of the whole matter, which stood at issue. He regretted his inability to recollect the different reasonings which had been advanced in speeches, which a sense of duty compelled him to oppose. His habits of debate had not been such, as to give him a command of that ready, flexible, and discriminating recollection, for which the honorable gentleman (Mr. Fox) was eminently remarkable. But, he thought it incumbent on him, on this

* This speech, it must be remembered, was delivered before the recommencement of hostilities. E.

occasion, to attempt some reply to those things which were the most revolting to his judgment, and which had the most forcibly impressed themselves upon his remembrance. How was it possible for that honorable gentleman to deny to the penetration of his own mind, that the seeds of inordinate, political aggrandisement were sown in the minds of the French nation, coeval with those of democratical revolution. Every succession of the revolutionary rulers, had openly professed the very principles, which so conspicuously possessed the mind of the present First Consul. The extension of dominion was made, at one time, the very pride of the revolution; at another, its necessary defence. But still, it was in one form or another, for one purpose or another the most confidently professed. And was it for any man to come into this house, and offer an encomiastic apology for the first efforts of a principle, which had been thus carried, of deep design, and by no inevitable necessity, to its present threatening and overpowering height? It had been said, he observed, that Britain had gained nothing by the war, that France, had acquired nothing by the peace. Was it, then, nothing gained to preserve our constitution, to hold at bay both the revolutionary principles, and the political ambition of the French; to maintain that erect independent national spirit, which has so long constituted the very peculiarising essentiality of the British character? Was it nothing to confine within the limits of Europe an ambition to bestride, as but a petty space, the very world? Buonaparte, with the soul of an Alexander, might regard this many-peopled earth as but a large prison; and was it nothing to confine that restless spirit, within a space which might, to its hopes and darings, be but a narrow cell? The French had gained nothing by the peace! Was it nothing to have procured those restraints which they could neither burst through nor surmount, to be voluntarily withdrawn? The preliminaries of peace—the treaty of Amiens—had they not, like the spell of a magician, like the movement of some talisman, laid open, in an instant, to France, the obstructed passages to the West Indies, to Africa, to Asia, to every region to which she might otherwise have long struggled in vain to make her way! The sudden restitution of St. Domingo to the dominion of France, was not that an effect of the peace? To what but the peace did she owe the advantages of that access which she gained by the acquisition of Louisiana to the back settlements of America? While this issue of the contest remained yet uncertain, France possessed that confirmed power in Italy to which she has since attained.—We may judge, whether France has not gained by the peace, by reflecting, whether, if we were now to renew the war, we could renew it with all those pledges for success, which we held in our hands at the cessation of hostilities? The honorable gentleman, (Mr. Fox) has talked of the irritation of a paper war between the two countries, of its contemptible meanness, and of its being yet more foolish than irritating. But if we are to shut out from the people of this country all knowledge of the designs and conduct of the French rulers, it were difficult to understand how they should be prepared to meet any meditated hostilities with just indignation and resolution, till they were at our very gates or rather kindling to a conflagration the very fires on our hearths. The honorable gentleman talks of the error of fine-spun and distant speculations; then refers us to Machiavel for an account of the wonderful and happy things to be expected from the blessed agency of time and chance. But time and chance rarely do much in favour of men, who can do nothing to support themselves. To time and chance none ever trusted less than the French. Who would bet upon the uncertainties of the dice when he might venture his money upon the sure calculations to which it is possible to subject a game at chess? Look back to the most distant æra of French ambition to sway in the system of Europe. Buonaparte has but accomplished schemes that were conceived by Henry IV. and his minister Sully, and have been ever since uniformly pursued. And is it in this state of things that the honorable gentleman is to come, and with a voice, than which an enemy's ambassador could propose nothing more dangerous to call to us, that we have nothing left but to trust to time and chance; to be quiet, lest we should be attacked; to dread the force of a population so much superior to our own; to hope well of our commerce, but to be comforted in the thought, that when our trade and wealth shall be ravished from us, we shall have nothing left to provoke an enemy's desires? Did Buonaparte send a friend to solicit the interests of his ambition in this country; what else could he wisely enjoin him, to dissolve all manly resolution in the hearts of our people, than by such arguments to impress a general persuasion of the necessity to lay us hopelessly down in the charms of such a peace? (We particularly reget our inability, on account of the general length of the debate, to add here, a very beautiful and ingenious argument on the utility of continental connection to Britain, and in defence of the fairness and honour of our allies in the late war, which Mr. Windham laboured in considerable detail, in answer to some things which had been previously thrown out by Mr. Wilberforce.)

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

[The subsequent article has been published in a daily paper; but we wish to add it to the critical speculations in the Port Folio.]

The taste and learning of Mr. Roscoe, the biographer of Lorenzo, the Magnificent, have been directed to the translation of the "Nurse," a pathetic and moral poem from the Italian of Tansillo. This poet is among the Neapolitan classics; he was the contemporary of Tasso, and is most honorably mentioned in the Don Quixote of Cervantes. He combined the clashing character of poet and soldier; and in the service of the Toledo family, and in the "tented field," found time

> With no middle flight to soar,
> Above the Aonian mount.

The most prominent of his poems are "The Villa," "The Vintager," and "La Balia, or the Nurse" —Mr. Roscoe, in the elegant simplicty of his own language, pronounces the last a singular and interesting production. As the work of one of the brightest wits in that constellation of genius, which appeared in Italy in the sixteenth century, and which yet diffuses a permanent light over the horizon of literature, it is worth notice and consideration. Contemporary with Ariosto, with Bembo, with Casso, and with the two Tassos, Tansillo was not, perhaps, inferior to any writer of his time, in the simplicity of his diction, the elegance of his taste, or a strict adherence to nature and to truth. But, independent of the merit which the poem may be presumed to possess, from the acknowledged character of the author, it will be found, on examination, to contain within itself, sufficient claims to the approbation of the admirers of Italian poetry. The subject is in a high degree interesting, and is treated in a manner peculiarly pointed and direct, yet without violating that decorum, which is due to the public at large, and particularly to the sex to whom it is addressed.

The invocation to the ladies is round, polished and complete.

"Accomplish'd Dames, whose soft, consenting minds
The rosy chain of willing Hymen binds!
If e'er one prouder wish my bosom felt
By magic strains the list'ning soul to melt
(Mov'd by such strains, the woodlands Orpheus drew)
That wish inspires me, while I sing to you."

The following description is so vivid, that a painter of common skill, might at once group the objects, to which it refers.

"When, reliev'd from danger and alarms,
The perfect offspring leaps into her arms,
Turn's to a mother's face its asking eyes,
And begs for pity by its tender cries;
Then, whilst young life its opening powers expands,
And the meek infant spreads its searching hands,
Scents the pure milk drops as they slow distil,
And thence anticipates the plenteous rill."

The moral poet urges his argument with equal eloquence and energy against the practice of *fashionable* mothers.

O crime! with herbs and drugs of essence high,
The sacred fountains of the breast to dry!
Pour back on Nature'e self the balmy tide
Which Nature's God for infancy suppli'd!

Does horror shake us, when the pregnant dame
To spare her beauties, or to hide her shame,
Destroys with impious rage and acts accurst,
Her growing offspring e'er to life it burst;
And can we bear, on every slight pretence,
The kindred guilt that marks this dread offence?

As the green herb, fresh from its earliest root
Young life protrudes its yet uncertain shoot
Or falls, unconscious of the blighting storm
A dubious victim and a shadowy form;
But she, who to her babe the breast denies,
The sentient mind the living man destroys;
Arrests kind nature's liberal hand too soon,
And robs her helpless young of half the boon?"

The affection of the humblest orders of animated creation for their young, has often been described and applauded in the works of the classic poets. It was reserved for Tansillo and Roscoe, to exhibit one more picture of the "passion of the groves."

"Mark too the feathered tenants of the air;
What tho' their breasts no milky fountains bear,
Yet well may your's a soft emotion prove
From their example of maternal love.
On rapid wing the anxious parent flies
To bring her helpless brood their due supplies.
See the young pidgeon from the parent's beak
With struggling eagerness its nurture take.
The hen, whene'er the long sought grain is found,
Calls with assiduous voice her young around,
Then to her breasts the little stragglers brings,
And screens from danger by her guardian wings.
Safe through the day beneath a mother's eye
In their warm nest the unfledg'd cygnets lie;
But when the sun withdraws his garish beam,
A father's wing supports them down the stream."

The character of a mercenary and vulgar nurse is very forcibly depicted in the following lines. They are in the tone of the most vigorous and melodious lays of Pope.

"To seek a nurse, ye trace the country round,
At length the mercenary aid is found;
Some wretch of vulgar birth and conduct frail;
Some old offender, flagrant from the jail;
In mind an idiot, or deprav'd of life,
A shameless strumpet, or impoverish'd wife
Born of high blood, whose worth no stain defiles,
Say, can ye choose a nurse from Broad St. Giles?
Heedless what venom taints the stream she gives
So your *stall'd* offspring *vegetates* and lives?"

The valedictory exhortation to the married dames is pathetic; and whether health or duty, whether instinctive affection, or deliberating judgment be consulted, the advice of the poet is admirable; and happy will be the matrons who obeys the moral suggestion of his wisdom and eloquence.

"Ah then, by duty led, ye nuptial fair,
Let the sweet office be your constant care,
With peace and health in humblest station blest;
Give to the smiling babe the fostering breast;
Nor if by prosp'rous fortune plac'd on high,
Think ought superior to the dear employ.

Shall the lov'd burden that so long ye bore,
Your alter'd kindness from its birth deplore?
Whilst the fair orbs, with healthful nurture swell'd,
Throb for the kind relief by you withheld.
Not half a mother, she whose pride denies,
The streaming beverage to her infant's cries,
Admits another in her rights to share,
And trusts his nurture to a stranger's care.
But *you*, whose hearts with gentle pity warm,
Pure joys can please, and genuine pleasures charm,
Clasp your fair nurseling to your breasts of snow,
And give the sweet salubrious streams to flow,
Let kind affections sway without controul,
And thro' the milk stream pour the feeling soul."

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

August 13, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

I answered your last letter immediately. I now enclose you several pamphlets, which contain such an authentic state of facts, and such arguments on the American question, as will enable its advocates with you to maintain their ground, against the pensioner of this court. I beg particularly, that you will send some of them to the gentleman, who has answered Mons. Pinto, the pensioner of this court.

The pamphlet entitled the Rights of Great Britain, &c. is full of the grossest falsehoods: One very material one, the enclosed extracts from the acts of parliament, granting bounties upon American produce, which proves by their own words, that those bounties were given for their own interest only. Yet that pamphlet has given a long list of the amount of those bounties, and charged it to the colonies. The fact is, as Dr. Smith, a Scotsman, and enemy to American rights, has stated it, in his late laboured and long expected book on the Wealth of Nations, p. 232.—"Whatever expence (says he) Great Britain has hitherto laid out in maintaining this dependency, has really been laid out in order to support their monopoly." Speaking of the debt incurred last war, he says—"This whole expence is, in reality, a bounty, which has been given in order to support a monopoly. The pretended purpose of it was to encourage the manufactures, and to increase the commerce of Great Britain. —p. 222. The operation of this monopoly against the colony he states thus:—"The monopoly of the colony trade, therefore, like all the other mean and malignant expedients of the mercantile system, depresses the industry of all other countries, but *chiefly that of the colonies.* —p. 217.

When you write to the Congress, it would be well, I think, to mention, that as all the evils have been produced by Scotch counsel, and those people prosecute the business, with more rancour and enmity, a distinction ought to be made between the treatment of them and other people, when made prisoners.

We expect every day some decisive news from New-York. The last Gazette gives us no reason to fear any thing but the chance of war, against which no prudenee can provide. We have certain intelligence from Canada, that it will be the last of August, before the boats will be ready upon lake Champlain for the ministerial army, so that there is no possibility of their joining Howe. They are putting eleven ships of the line in commission here, which is kept very secret, or it would shake the stocks exceedingly.

Adieu,

A. LEE.

—

Paris, September 14, 1776.

SIR,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your's of the 29th ult. of the 2d, 5th, and 7th of this month, and at the same time to make my excuses for not answering them earlier; which was owing to my hurry of business, in part, and part to my hopes of being able to send you something agreeable from America, when I should next write you. Forgive, therefore, this seeming inattention, and accept my warmest thanks for the kind sentiments, which you and your good lady entertain for me and for my country. The cause of the Americans is the cause of mankind in general, and naturally interests the generous and the good, in every part of the world. The measures you took before my arrival, respecting this court, were perfectly right, and you may rely on my secrecy as to your concern. Our commerce is now on as good a footing in this kingdom and in Spain, as the commerce of any other nation; and I trust will very soon have an important preference. When I said, in a former letter, we wanted only a friendly intercourse by way of commerce, I had not the vanity to suppose the actual assistance of European powers was not an object deserving attention; but I must say seriously, that if the American commerce can be established with the trading powers of Europe, and if those powers of Europe would protect that commerce, it would be all the assistance necessary; and the colonies by land, would be more than equal to any thing Great Britain could bring against them. You are entirely right in saying, that the house of Bourbon are the allies we should first and principally court. France is at the head of this house, and therefore what is done here, is sure to be done by the whole. This, therefore, requires my whole attention; and I can only say to you, my prospects are no way discouraging. As to the King of Prussia, I will in my next explain more fully my meaning, and at the same time send to you a state of the United Colonies, of their commerce, of their present contest; with some thoughts or observations on the manner in which Europe must be affected, and what part they ought to take in the present important crisis. My name and business has long since been known to the British Ambassador here, and to the Court of London; and they have remonstrated, but finding remonstrances to no purpose, they have wisely determined to take no notice of me, as I do not appear as yet, in a public character.

Let me ask of you, if a workman skilful in founding of brass and iron cannon, can be engaged in Holland to go to America? Also if I can engage two or three persons of approved skill in lead mines, to go for America on good encouragement. Your answer will oblige me, and by next post I will write you more particularly. The British arms will not probably effect any thing in America this season, as they had not begun to act the 8th of August, and that brings winter to the very door as I may say, and an indecisive campaign must prove to Great Britain a fatal one. The fleet of the United colonies, increases fast, and is very successful. My compliments to your lady, for whose kind invitation I have the most grateful sense, and hope, in person, soon to tell you how very much I am, both your and her much obliged

and very humble servt.

S. DEANE.

Mr. Dumas.

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London, September 23, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

My absence from town till now prevented my answering your two last favours of September 3d.

By our latest and best acccounts from America, the die is now cast, and we may every day expect to hear of a decisive action at New-York; decisive, I mean, as to the fate of New-York and General Howe; but not of America, which depends very little upon the event of New-York being taken or saved.

There is a public torpor here, which without being superstitious, one may regard as a visitation from Heaven. The people in general think the declaration of independence as a thing of course, and do not seem to feel themselves at all interested in the vast consequences, which that event must inevitably draw after it. The ministry have by certain manœuvres contrived to keep up the demand for, and price of manufactures; and while trade and manufactures apparently prosper, the people are so deaf, that wisdom may cry out in the streets and not be heard. But the course of the seasons is not more fixed, than it is certain, that these ministerial arts must be temporary in their operation, and fatal in their issue; because the more men are flattered, the more desperate they are, when the calamity comes upon them. Already the West India islands begin to cry out, as you will have seen in the address from the island of Barbadoes. The great number of captures lately made, of West India ships, by the Americans, have already had very visible effects upon the Royal Exchange. Holland taking the alarm, which the least movement on the part of France would produce, must shake our stocks to their foundation, and give an equal shock to a deluding prince, and a deluded people.

The characters you desire me to touch upon, are such as seldom occur in the same period. Lord Sandwich has been noted through a long life, for every thing in word and deed, directly opposite to honesty and virtue. With moderate abilities, and little real application, he maintains an appearance of both, by impositions and professions, which at a time so averse to enquiry as the present, pass for facts. Lord George Germaine, though cradled in England, has all the principles of a Scotsman;—subtle, proud, tyrannical and false. In consequence of his patronizing the Scots, they have always been his panegyrists and his advocates, and as they are a people indefatigable in all interested pursuits, they have procured him a character for ability, which he very little deserves. Dissimulation and craft, in worldly occurrences, too often pass for real wisdom; and in that sense lord George is a wise man. Such a man could not long pass unnoticed and unpatronized by a Court, which searches with Lynceau eyes for the basest hearts, and is actuated by Scotch principles & Scotch counsels. Lord Suffolk is a peer of sullen pride and arbitrary principles. He listed in the public cause with Mr. Wedderburne, under the banner of George Grenville; and while his life gave the hope of success in getting preferment, they were the loudest in opposition; but immediately upon his death they made their terms, and have been ever since the most devoted tools of the court. Lord Suffolk recommends himself very much to the King, by an indefatigable attention to the little detail business of his department, and an obsequiousness, that knows no bounds. Lord Rochfort is by birth a tory, and is linked with Lord Mansfield; but his fears have made him withdraw himself upon an ample pension, for he is persuaded that France will soon strike a blow, which will endanger the heads of those, who conduct these measures.

I have been apprized by Portalez, that the business for which I recommended him to you is to be transacted through France, which is the reason of your not seeing him.

I do not conceive you need be under any alarm about intercepted letters, as the ministry have too much upon their thoughts, and too many more immediately dangerous and known opponents at home, to suffer them to look abroad for victims. Their success must be certain and decisive, before they will venture to attack the friends of America in Europe, and provoke retaliation. I flatter myself with [illegible]

within the eye of their enmity as any man can be. But I think that the enmity of bad men is the most desirable testimony of virtuous merit.

Adieu,

ARTHUR LEE.

Mr. Dumas,

Philadelphia, October 1st, 1776.

SIR,

I have just time to acknowledge the receipt of your two packets A and B, with the pamphlets enclos'd, the contents of which are very satisfactory. You will hear from me more fully in a little time.

With great esteem, I am sir,
Your most obt. humble servt.

B. FRANKLIN.

We have a great force brought against us here, but continue firm.

Mr. Dumas.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

He, who is studious to inform himself on topics of rural economy, will find his labour abridged, by reading an excellent system of agriculture, lately received from England, entitled—Gleanings from the most celebrated books on Husbandry, Gardening, and Rural Affairs.

The above work, interspersed with additions rendering it more applicable in this country, by a gentleman well versed in the knowledge and practice of husbandry, and illustrated with a copperplate, is now in the press, printing under subscription, and will be shortly published by James Humphreys.

The general opinion respecting the above compendium in England, is displayed by its rapid run through two editions since its publication, and its merit is stamped by the very handsome approbation of the different Reviews. We select the following, as being the most concise.

From the Monthly Review.

"From these works the compiler has extracted a great variety of information, which he has arranged in alphabetical order. We think that the publication will be very useful to agriculturists. It may be considered as a concise Farmer's Dictionary."

From the Review in the Gentleman's Magazine.

"This little work gives the essence of most of the recent publications of many favourite authors on agriculture and rural economy, together with the Surveys of the several counties of England, Wales and Scotland, drawn up at the desire of the Board of Agriculture. Plants are described in their varieties; quantity of seed necessary per acre, according to the various modes of cultivation; method of cultivating, weeding, cropping and seeding; and lastly, the several uses to which the produce, whether of seed or haulm, can be most advantageously applied. Trees, whether of the fruit or forest kinds, are also treated of as to their varieties, the nature of the soil they delight in, their quality and affections, as to their own growth, or to what may be in contact with them; and the various uses their blossoms, fruit, leaves, or their Wood, are capable of. The management of bees, the dairy, and many other useful articles, are likewise introduced; together with a plate of some useful implements for draining, transplanting, &c. The manner by which hay is saved in wet seasons, in the north of England, by a practice called tippling. The whole is arranged with great conciseness and merit, and will prove a most desirable companion to such as have neither the means nor leisure to peruse the bulky materials from which this cheap tract is judiciously selected."

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Soon after the *nomination*, by the president of the United States, of James Monroe, as special envoy to the courts of St. Cloud and Madrid (Aranjuez), we called upon some of our expert calculators to make an estimate of the *probable cost* of the province of Louisiana; suggesting that it was *then* understood to be valued, by its owner, at ten millions sterling, and wishing to be informed if our envoy were empowered to bid higher, or take it at that price. No satisfactory solution to our question was ever given; nor did we know any thing of our envoys instructions on this subject, nor of his powers to treat, except the appropriation of *TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS* for the purposes of foreign intercourse. The proclamation of the president of the United States, convoking Congress on the seventeenth of October, which has just reached us, being accompanied with some *mongrel* official features of the treaty, enables us to state, that the price of purchase, to be paid by the people of the United States for the province of Louisiana, is *ELEVEN MILLIONS TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS* in six per cent stock, within three months after the exchange of ratifications, and the delivery of possession; and the further sum of THREE MILLIONS SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, on account of debts, &c. contracted with citizens of the United States by the French Republic; making together the sum of FIFTEEN MILLIONS of dollars, the whole consideration money of this *splendidly advantageous* bargain!.....Moreover, during a period of twelve years, the navigation of France and Spain is to pay, in the ports of the ceded territory, no higher duties than that of American citizens.

This *economical* speculation in *wild lands*, has been justly denominated one of the *greatest wonders* of the nineteenth century.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

Rarely have we an opportunity to advert to an Aurora paragraph, which in its erratic course, *deviates* into the province of truth, or even hovers over the confines of verisimilitude. But at length, *mirabile dictu*, Duane leaves, for a moment, all his falsehood to Cheetham and the Chronicle; and is satisfied with the humble glory of narrating matter of fact. In his paper of the 27th June, he indulges himself in a proud display of his medical science in the yellow fever, a disease, whose nature, origin, symptoms and mode of cure, he professes to understand more accurately, than all the physicians of America. He then avers his acquaintance *with the history of Calcutta*, and talks vauntingly of all the wonders he has seen in a *morning's ride* through that "beautiful and extensive city." This is a veritable history, to which we yield an implicit assent. As Mr. Duane has been *elevated on a pole*, and held his head on high in Indian air, he must have unquestionably enjoyed a *bird's eye view* of the country; and from that *Pisgah* to which the kindness of Sir John Shore exalted him, he must have distinctly discerned all the varieties of fever, as well as the windings of the Ganges.

WOMAN.

The following idea of the formation of woman, is extracted from a Treatise entitled, *Philosophie de l'Univers*, written by Dupont de Nemours. It is fanciful in the extreme; and the author, in the warmth of his description of female beauty, almost exchanges his *philosophy* for voluptuousness.

"Among the plants, the flower which is destined to produce fruit, I have formed in the most agreeable and brilliant shape, and finished with the nicest skill. *Woman* shall be the *flower* of human kind.

"Come to me all ye elements of beauty, of grace, virtue, sensibility, beneficence and gentleness; combine and arrange yourselves to please and enchant. Man I could form after my own image; for Woman I have no model, but in bright fancy. Let her be the most perfect of visible creatures! and, if she can, the most happy.

"Let her heart beat with a livelier pulse than that of man. Let her live more, in a less time, and that she may enjoy a longer career. She shall be good and useful to her last moment. Let her bless three generations. Let her constitute the happiness of her lover, of her children, and even of her grand children; and in each varying age let the tenderness she inspires be mingled with respect. Let her delicate nerves convey to every sense rapid affections. Let her slender foot be proper for the dance, and her white hand to bestow caresses. Let her forbear to employ them profusely in the swift course, and in labours too severe. Let her elegant form and her round limbs display and inspire temptation in all their movements. Let them be covered with a soft satin, not to be touched without inflaming the daring hand. Let her fine eyes be the mirror of her soul, in which the observer shall read an indulging and affecting kindness; even while she drops them on the ground, let them betray her secret wishes. Let her breath diffuse the perfumes of the peach. Let the gentle down be spread upon her cheeks, let them be coloured by an expressive vermillion, which, in the emotion of a tender thought, ingenuous shame shall diffuse, even over her brow, modesty. Let her enchanting bosom represent the celestial globes, of which a rose bud shall form the magnetic pole. Let it offer to desire its first enjoyment— its first nourishment to infancy; and let man ever remain in doubt, whether it has most contributed to the happiness of the father or of the son. Let her long ringlets, flowing and yet bound, serve at once to so many charms as the veil and the ornament; let them be the shelter of the new born infant, and when chance, but more when affection, shall divide them, let the lover feel as if along with them the heavens were opened."

In the specimens of Mr. Granger's epistolary style, which is so well felt by many a submissive dismissed postmaster, and with which the public is so well acquainted from the frequent publication of them in the journals of the day, we observe no variety, but one uniform sameness. On reading Shakespeare's comedy of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," we could not but instantly recognise a strong resemblance between a passage in this play, and the exterminating system of the Postmaster General, which we transcribe. The passage may be supposed to be spoken by one brother deputy to another.—"To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinion, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt." [*Farmers' Museum.*

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